

IS THIS PEACE?

Bp

D. PANT



KITAB MAHAL
ALLAHABAD

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KITAB MAHAL
ALLAHABAD

By the same author

BUSINESS ORGANISATION

BUSINESS ENGLISH

COMMERCIAL POLICY OF THE MOGULS

THE GREAT REALITY

THE 'VARSITIES

POST-WAR CONSTRUCTION

TRANSPORT PROBLEMS OF INDIA

MOCKERY OF LAW

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“In Peace, Love tunes the shepherd’s reed,
In War, he mounts the Warrior’s steed ;
In halls, in gay attire is seen, • •
In hamlets, dances on the green ;
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above ;
For Love is heaven, and heaven is love.”

PERSONAL NOTE

“When you drink from a stream, remember the spring.”

On the 11th of June this year while returning from a friend's place in Nainital, I slipped down and fractured my leg bones. Compulsory confinement in the hospital for two months and at my friend's place for more than a month gave me ample time to dispassionately survey War No. 2. • V—E celebrations were over, and during my months of suffering came the V—J day. Papers discussed in full the latest engine of destruction—the (Satanic) Atomic Bomb. Its range and intensity for destroying life and property far surpassed that what even its Creators could not imagine.

And all along I was worried to death by the troubles my broken bones were causing to me!

The whisperings of the two and a half billion global humanity gathered momentum, and rose to a high pitch of roar. I heard it and I heard in it, not the much tom-tommed “uncondi-

tional surrender” but one single word ‘Peace’—the exhausted and the crushed humanity asking for Peace. Organisations, individuals, groups, countries, and even the Big-Three made up their mind to give lasting peace to this war-weary world. They got busy in mass-manufacture of Peace with ersatz raw materials.

I thought and thought over this intensively, and the conclusions to which I have come are put down in Part One, and, I may add, dramatised in Part Two.

War is a Great Waste. It may be countered by ‘Will to Peace’, but I consider it theoretical. The realisation that mass-production, mass-conscription and mass-mobilisation of resources with a view to attain mass-destruction is the excreta of diseased minds and fungoid growths in the upper storey will go a great way to check the frequency of wars.

War is a precursor of war. No. 1 was followed by No. 2, and, as sure as day follows night, it must be followed by No. 3, (There is no full-stop after 3, only an emphatic comma).

War No. 2 has clearly shown that the Government of man by his fellow-man has broken down in every form that has been tried. Therefore, try a system

in which every man will feel that *he governs and is governed.*

War No. 2 has demonstrated without a shadow of doubt that there are no innate virtues in 'No-color' man. Therefore, give up building on color.

*All wars prove their futility to usher in peace. They create so many new problems in the then unsettled state of human society that a need for another war to settle the unsettled state of affairs is imperatively felt by all the parties concerned. Though it is a fact that after the war, demand for peace is intensive—it is the peace of the frustrated, the defeated, the exhausted humanity, yet it cannot travel beyond the paper stage because *humanity learns nothing from war.**

It has not learnt that hate is another *name for conceit* ; because if you hate, you despise. And when you despise, you esteem inordinately the self which despises. This applies to the human groups as well. You cannot have wars unless you succeed in intensively and on a very large scale mobilising Hate for another group or groups, etc. A white man is supposedly superior to a colored man though the former may be a deep-dyed raper of morality and violator of laws, and the latter may be a Tagore, a Gandhi, or a Christ.

I feel very strongly on the color issue. May be that I have a brown color which is turning dark under the economic strain, the Age stress, and Political futility. I carry on, 'keep afloat ; because my Gayatri (sacred Hindu prayer) is not the one which shapes the lives of hundreds of millions of Hindus but a new one, namely, *to die with honor when one can no longer live with honor*. And remember before death, one can take away with him for his long, long journey one or more men who rob him of his honor.

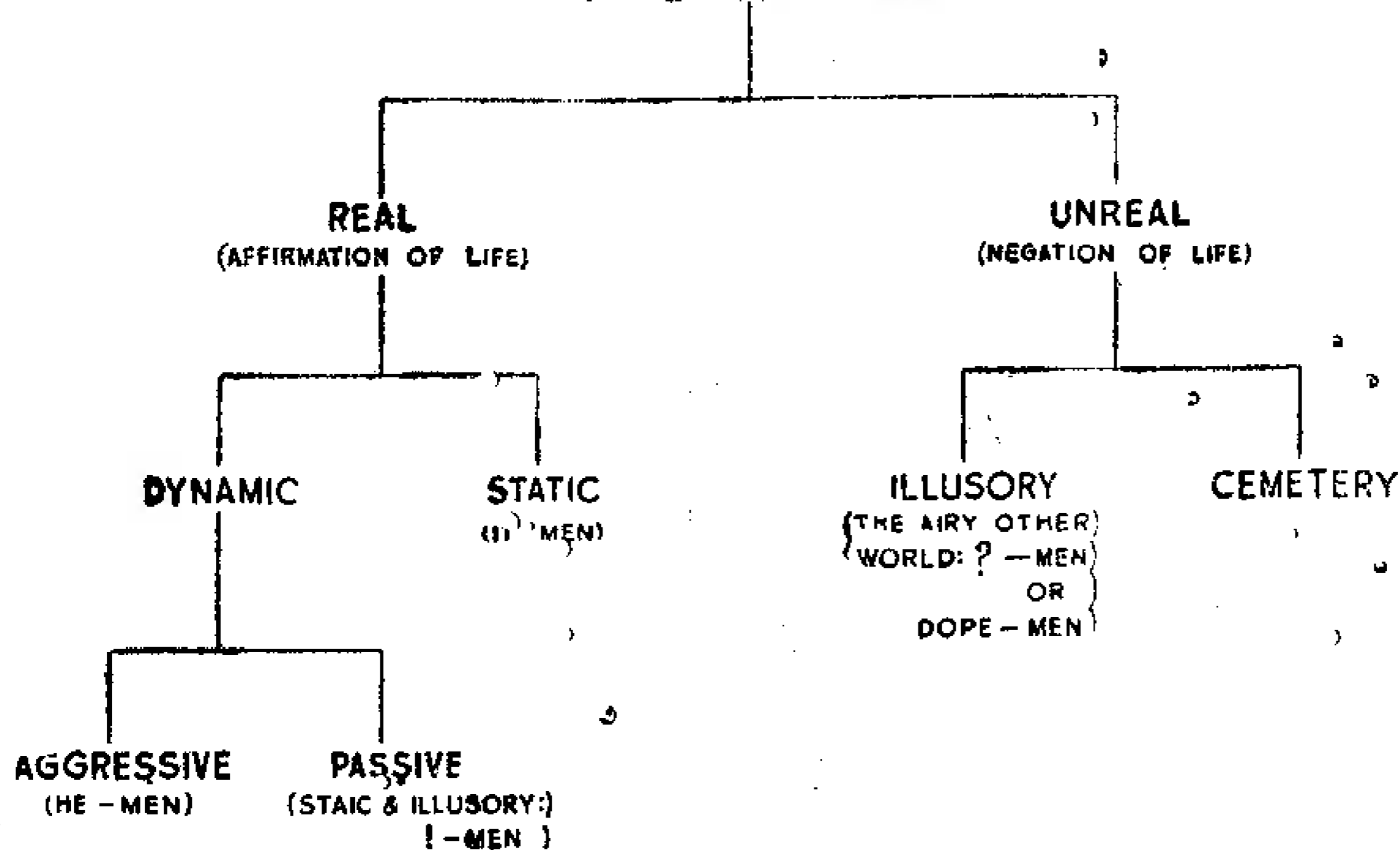
Switch on the above from the individual to the group, and you get a clear view of war. The switching on is being done by our Peace-makers—the big-two-out-of-the-three, and the stage is being set right for war No.3, (Note the comma). I call it a great paradox, but remember paradoxes are facts, realities, and not fiction or unrealities.

If really and truly you want peace, *evolve and develop the World State and create and strengthen the Consciousness of World Humanity*. This is the only way to bring in and stabilise Peace.

Aim at the Oneness of Humanity, and don't worry about the oneness of God.

PART ONE

PEACE



WHAT IS PEACE ?

"Break pride or it will break you".

If peace comes, does she come down in the form of manna ? or with the lightning flash ? or with the torrential rains ? or hidden in the wind which blows ?

OR

does she rest in the coffers of the *novie richie*—Exploiters, Profiteers, Spongers, or Corrupters of manhood latent or patent or both in Man ? Is it because for her there is no tune more pleasant than the chink of the metal chunk called Money ?

OR

Is she audible in the roar of cannons ? or visible in the flash of bayonets ? or audible and visible both in the atomic bomb ?

OR

in the sighs and groanings of the down-crushed, poverty-stricken trillions who encumber this vast world ?

OR

She loves the isolation of hermits who segregate themselves from man?

OR

in the sweet embraces of the beloved?

These and very many other questions can be answered from different angles. This would depend on the particular facet you view life from, and also upon your conception of Peace. Therefore, the study of Peace should be both subjective and objective. Analytical and synthetical processes to be brought into play for a factual study and understanding of Peace which is a horribly mangled, distorted, ill-conceived, ill-delivered, ill-nurtured, ill-manipulated, ill-used burning topic of to-day. There is no room for dialectics in a scientific study of Peace.

Be clear at the outset about your conception of Peace, and let pure Reason, as far as humanely possible, play upon the analysed factors which make up peace. Throw away the chaff and garner the grain. Winnow and crush it, and obtain your Bread of Peace. Then put the question to yourself whether it is solely and wholly for you and yours or it is to be shared by the

whole humanity. Thus you receive your impressions which, if you synthesise, give you a factual conception of Peace. Whether the conception is right or wrong is secondary as the correctness or wrongness will depend upon whether you share the Bread with Man—here, there, and everywhere—or eat it up in slices yourselves as long as it is given to you to encumber this overloaded world by the weight of your useless carcass.

If you are a man and keep your ideal the betterment of Man from which will follow, as day follows night, your own betterment in the real sense of the word though not in the sense of bank balance; then rest assured the Bread which you share will never be all consumed. It will grow from within and get sweeter and fresher everyday. Paradoxical as it may sound, but nevertheless it is true, that you can eat it and have it.

If on the other hand, your view-point is that of the biped animals, then you keep the Bread for yourselves—Devour it up in chunks. It will diminish, get stale and poisoned by the mould; and ultimately finished. You simply cannot eat it and have it, and the eating poisons your whole

system ! You finish the Bread and poison your system, and succeed in fouling the air which every man breathes, and rot the land on which you grow and move. Thus not only you poison your system which is your affair, but unfortunately you poison the earth which is everybody's affair.

Therefore, it is strongly suggested that there should be, first and foremost, a subjective study of Peace. Arrive at clarity by analysing yourself before you tackle the much used and much misunderstood word Peace. It is not for me to say which plan should be adopted for a subjective study, it is for the man who makes the study to decide because he knows himself. If he does not know himself, he should keep himself clear of the study. "Know Thyself" is a good recipe. "Know Thyself" sounds so simple, but it is very difficult in practice. How difficult and irritating only the experimenter knows.

Objectively the entire human group inhabiting this globe should be kept in view particularly as the development of Transport and Communication has reduced the world to the compass of a city. Therefore, sectional or group or na-

tional or even federal out-look must be clean cut out, and an international out-look be directed upon global humanity to correctly appraise the global peace.

Thus one conditions oneself for a proper study of Peace which is causing shooting headaches to old Atlas.

Before proceeding with the subject, it now becomes necessary to project the neon beam of Reason into the murky, foggy atmosphere of Life. And it is also necessary to switch reason beyond the stalling point. This does not mean that you let your Reason soar into the stratosphere or inter-terrestrial zone ; because in that no-man's land, Reason will turn turtle and cut fancy figures in a created phantasy of Imagination. Reason blocked by obstacles has the knack of fusing itself with its negation—Unreason, and soon it transforms itself into Faith which is, in every sense, a denial of Reason. The amalgam is a pointer to Illusory Peace which is a satire upon Peace.

Peace divorced from Life has no meaning though there is a 'lifeless peace' which is Unreal. It pertains to peace—perfect, absolute peace

—which prevaieth in the cemetery or is visible on the pyre. It is also the quasi-monopoly of those who build their life upon the airy other world—Dope-men or-men? There's the peace of flitting from illusion to illusion, and their's the destiny of never waking up throughout this life in this world. The above explains one of the two main divisions of Peace. It is the Unreal peace as it is built upon the Negation of Life. The other division is the Real Peace because it is built upon the affirmation of Life. It is subdivided into Dynamic and Static types. The Static Peace suits 'it-men', for though they affirm life yet they have neither the will nor developed reason to tackle the ever-changing problems of life. They pin their faith on appeasement at any cost—moral or material. Men of this type ought to have been born as plants, for the peace of the plant is akin to the peace they pray for. Change—any form of movement—is abhorrent to them. They know not that change is innate and intrinsic to life. Their conception of Peace is limited to the wheel of life to which they are chained and which they have to keep rotating throughout their existence. If the chain is removed or the wheel broken away,

they know not what to do with their life. They are accustomed to crawling on the rut. Out of it, they are like fish on land.

The Dynamic Peace has two further subdivisions : one, the Aggressive for He-men ; and two, Passive for men ! The latter is a strange blend of the Static and Illusory types as in spite of its affirmation of life, it abhors change and likes to retain its contact with the airy other world.

The twenty-four caret peace without any alloy is the Dynamic—Aggressive type. (D-A.) It is not meant for ordinary mortals. It is the monopoly of 'He-men'. They cannot take into partnership 'She-men', 'it-men' or Dope-men. The D-A type changes the *milieu*, and thus compels other men to make the necessary adjustment. Those who fail in making the adjustment are crushed out of existence or permitted to exist as door-mats—always under the heels of others.

The D-A type does not truck with the non-existent other world. It does not believe in Passive or Static peace. Paradoxical as it may sound, it has faith in the Peace of the Cemetery, because it is so very obvious. Its energising motto is 'I am, therefore the world is'. For the

He-men, this world is a play-ground ; and certainly not a place of penance for the sins of commissions, omissions, and emissions committed or not committed in the past life or a place for piling up virtues to be cashed in at usurious rates in the bankrupt other world. The D-A type believing in this, the only, world can have no faith in *Nirvana* or *Moksha* (the absolute zero of life) as individual salvation is beneath man's dignity. It has crystal-clear faith in the salvation of humanity by which it is understood to rise one step up in the endless ladder of Evolution. The 'He-man' is ceaselessly at war with talkers who say one thing but mean the other. He is essentially a 'do-er'. He has caught the vision of the scaling-up humanity, but he is also conscious of the drag exerted by one group over the other. The scaling-up will be a success if there is the *en bloc* humanity movement. It has been a failure, it is a failure, and it shall be a failure because so far it has been attempted on sectional basis, and the indications to-day show that that will be the basis for tomorrow as well, as the various Reconstruction : complex and cumbersome and illogical : plans show. Man has not learnt anything from his past experiments. He has not learnt

anything from the two world wars. They were fought out on false issues, and thus the drag maximised. • The world is at the crash-point.

I quote myself on this point of reconstruction from my book • “Post-war Construction” : • “Life can neither be squeezed to get into the old groove, nor it can be made to flow on the old bed. Any attempt in that direction will break the banks, and carry away the few landmarks which we possess Very few people realise the part played by the development of transport and communication. The remotest parts of the world have been brought closer, and international co-operation in the realms of intellect and production of goods is so close that one will be justified in taking the whole world as one city wherein the different countries are as so many streets in that city.” Reconstruction wants to push us a step down and build upon the old base, while construction shoves us upward and attempts to build upon Man and the world. The former carries the germs of unending series of wars, while the latter ushers in Peace.

Only those are competent to handle the subject of Peace who have studied life, handled life, played with life, staked life—seen its glory and

drabness and thus learnt the littleness of their knowledge in comparison to the vastness of the life's own domain not yet even pried into by man. Thus cocksureness, dogmatism, dialectism are out of place in the study of life, and unless there is clarity about the understanding of life, subject of course to the limitations of the experimenter on Peace, the experimenter will not succeed.

Because when we talk of Peace, we do not mean the cemetery type, for the simple reason that the inmates of the cemetery housing the dead are beyond the control of Man as they have crossed the limit. Whatever man may do, they shall not be affected thereby. Even the much dreaded atomic bomb holds no 'terror' for them. And being dead, they themselves cannot interfere in the life of the living.

The illusory peace has nothing to do with life though the men who hanker after it are not dead but living on account of their false premises. Their conception of reality has nothing to do with this world as they consider it unreal though they live, grow up, marry, breed and die here. Reality for them exists in relation to the other world though they are not even sure whether it

is *terra aqua* or *terra* gaseous. Anyway they prefer crawling to walking erect—may be due to defective make-up or some defect in the spinal chord. These are the incurables who will go through life in a trance. But there are many amongst them who follow the path of airy nothingness on account of ignorance or sheer mental laziness. They can be awakened—taken out of their illusion, and switched on to the Real type. Even if this succeeds, they are sure to swell up the Static type.

Men who talk of good old days and have no faith in the future are stay-put people. They have lost the urge to explore new conditions for fear of pain and trouble. They constitute a sort of boundary pillar between the Real and Unreal Peace.

• The Passive peace—peace at any cost : moral or material or both—reaches its maximum swing in *Ahimsa* (Non-violence). It tones down even the modest saying 'Tit for Tat', while the forces rampant to-day throughout the world leave no option to us but to put Tit at, at least, one hundred per centum premium upon Tat—*Two for one* would be a safe standard for to-day. How queer that a new twist has been given to *Ahimsa* under

the stress and strain of the changed conditions of living throughout the world. *Ahimsa* is not to be adopted against the strong ; but against the weak *himsa* (violence) should be the rule. They know not that violence and non-violence are the obverse and the reverse of the coin of life, and there is very little sense in 'uttering' coins with only one side.

There are occasions in every man's life when and where violence is fully justified : against the strong and against the weak. But in everyday life for everyday affairs, there is no room for violence unless the man is bent in becoming His Majesty's guest. There is absolutely no room for doubt in my mind that the advice to use force against the weak and not against the strong is a patent and latent evil of first magnitude. If accepted and applied in practice, it shall turn us into bullies. It is for this reason that I am enamoured of D-A type of Peace ; and I wish the other types to be clean cut out, eliminated, wiped off.

Therefore, a clear understanding of life-as-it-is is a condition precedent to the understanding of Peace. I quote from my book 'The Great Reality': "Man objectively is a creature of fate and subjectively has a consciousness and thus free.

Reason expresses the laws of necessity, while consciousness expresses the essence of free will. Thus, life is the relation of freedom to necessity... Life studied individualistically appears terminable. It ends, but studied in groups it appears endless. It is more or less patterned on the same lines. The differences are superficial. Its universality and uniformity are observable, wherever it is studied from a mass standpoint. If one could only realise the oneness of life, its constant recurrence and eternal newness, its beauty and its freshness its seriousness and its grandeur, one could easily transmute leaden life into a golden existence wherein man pines not for the primary needs of Life—food and sex.”

I have gathered a few truths about Life from my own intensive and extensive observations of Life. I put them down here so that others may think and complete the list of attributes of Life. My observations convince me that *life comes out of life*. Therefore, a chain of life made up of two and half billion men, women, and children is an obvious fact. If the conception of life is widened to include not only the *homo sapience* but the entire *fauna*, then I observe the *universality* of life, that is to say, in even a seemingly lifeless place, life exists.

This life has infinite powers of *adaptability*. Life being *change*, adaptability is condition precedent to existence. Else the stay-put life will be put out of action by the rolling-on change which tarries not for men or groups of men. Under certain circumstances to a superficial observer, it becomes apparent that life must depart or life has no meaning. He ignores the will of the man who clings to life. He makes rapid changes within himself in order to adapt himself to the changed environment, and thus lives. Paradoxical as it may sound but nevertheless it is a fact that two types of men—the extremely rich and fortunate and the extremely poor and unfortunate—cling to life with an intensity and ferocity difficult to explain: a pus-seeping starving leper and a croesus. May be that one has nothing to transfer and the other cannot transfer as transmission from this world into the other, if any, is *ultra vires* the Postal Department of the Government.

Another factor which I have observed is that *Life is immortal* when your view-point is the chain and not the links. Therefore, underrate the bubbles, and give due weightage to the Ocean of Humanity.

Observing the above, I have realised the

one-ness of life. Not only this one-ness is the monopoly of *homo sapience*, but it is the property of all *Fauna*. Add, therefore, in the Chain of Life more links of our Cousins—the animals. Now you have a complete chain to link with the other observations. Thus alone you can realise the one-ness of life. But don't mix it up with the one-ness of God—a supine airy web of Deceit and Treachery—unless you define your God as Man-imagined, Man-fashioned, Man-endowed, and Man-delivered. *Man is not in God's image, but God is in Man's image.*

There is a good old Arab proverb which says :
 “He who knows not, and knows not he knows not ;

He is a fool, shun him.

“He who knows not, and knows he knows not ;

He is simple, teach him.

“He who knows, and knows not he knows ;

He is asleep, awake him.

“He who knows, and knows he knows,

He is wise, follow him.”

To know is one thing and to have the confidence in one's knowledge is another. Both are necessary. Therefore, the first three types do not count. It is only the last type which is of importance. Now let us apply our concept.

of Peace, Life and methodology to the actual—realistic—study of Peace as distinguished from theoretical—visionary—Peace which the Big Three are propounding and trying to usher in.

Peace to be complete, should be all-pervading and all-embracing. Therefore, it should be the property of all—*All should be co-sharers*—and not the personal property of any Power or Powers. It should be all-enveloping, and not confined to one section or group. Because if it were, disturbances from other sections or groups are sure to cause disturbances in their areas or groups as well—thanks to the development of Transport and Communication. *To be at peace is to keep everybody in peace*, and you cannot do it by uttering words to the ears and breaking them to the heart. For example, you cannot fool the world by your Atlantic Charter or Four Freedoms. They were trumpeted at the time the war was going very much against the Allies. The moment the Allies were nearing the parity—their position improved, they started explaining the Charter and by the time the war was over in their favour, they succeeded in successfully explaining away the Charter. This sort of game does not pay in the long run.

The division of humanity into two main types—Color and No-color—is idiotic. It is not only superfluous, but is an extremely strong irritant. This war has clearly exposed the myth of No-color supremacy, that is to say, there are no intrinsic qualities of super-values which are latent or patent in no-color humanity. The credit for this exposure and blowing up the vaunted supremacy beyond the stratosphere goes ungrudgingly to Japs. Though they lost the war, yet they succeeded in imparting tone to the color humanity throughout the world. This illogical, imbecile division must be destroyed totally to-day or let the world set the stage right for unending wars ; for *color humanity has decided to challenge the very existence of this world on this very issue.* India, China, Japan, Russia and Middle East and Africa, *i.e.*, East, North and South account for two-third of the global humanity. On this issue, there is complete unanimity amongst the colored groups, and they are positively anti-West. And the West is hopelessly divided on this issue, *e.g.*, Hitler fought with his devilish might for the supremacy of the no-color humanity over color humanity, and he was challenged to death by the color and no-color races ! Hitler had to bend

his knees to get the support of a color Power to stave off defeat. What strange fellows are our bed-mates in adversity !

East, North and South *versus* West would be the grand finale which the lucky men will witness who would be in this planet at that time. A caution for the No-color. A mad urge to develop the interplanetary transport without having any knowledge of the color of men inhabiting the inhabited planets should be strongly curbed, for the men of those planets are sure to take sides in a holy war of Color *versus* No-Color.

Therefore, there cannot be such a thing as peace for no-color and war for Color as peace and war are for color and no-color both. Only when the West irritatingly persists that the peace is for the white and wars for the black, the Color humanity much against its inclination and sober judgment hurls caution to the winds and shouts "West wants color domination. Down with West."

This bodes no good for the world humanity.

To-day in the light of scientific achievements and development of Transport and Communication, there seems no sense in the arbitrary unnatural attitude of the No-color humanity.

There is no such thing as East and West or Color or No-color men in the Geo-politics of to-day particularly when one knows that in the global outlook, global considerations must override sectional interests. If one travels from Calcutta *via* Japan (Far East) to California (Far far East) and thence through the Panama Canal and across the Atlantic pond to London, is he not justified in calling Great Britain 'Very Far Far East'—positively and absolutely East. If another 'takes off' from Calcutta, three hops—East, Still East, and 'and Still more East'—should land him in the core of East—CROYDON.

The fact is that outworn terminology and conceptions form a part of our make-up, and we cannot easily get rid of them. *In these days of jet-propelled aircrafts, we think in terms of land carts!!!* Six hundred miles per hour has not uprooted us from the position we took on two miles per hour. Three hundred to one ratio (300 : 1) carries no message of change to the moribund global humanity. And to-morrow the Rocket ships will be *fait accompli* making it possible for a rich Indian to shoot out of India into the stratosphere, breakfast in London, lunch in New York, stroll in Switzerland, sup in Paris and back into his bed.

in India. And he shall have ample time for putting in a few more items in his day's program. The ratio of 300 : 1 will change into 20,000 : 1, and I have no doubt that the humanity—the demented, no-color and the fossil color—will go on trucking with the cart values. Let us just make a start in the right direction—let us teach that *there is no East and West* and there is *No-color or Color humanity* in the global study of the globe and the men who live in it.

This makes imperative to change the basis of education, and to add a few more steps to the upward scaling ladder of education. To-day the basis of education is the imparting of knowledge. It aims at it, begins from it, and stops at it. To-morrow's basis shall be Understanding—understanding of the little and big problems which man faces, understanding the kinks which every man has. This will develop sympathy even for those who think and act otherwise.

Stress on caste, color, creed, groups, nationalities will give way to the only right alternative, namely, Man in his domain—this earth. I quote myself from 'The Varsities': "Individual greatness, individual salvation must be subordinated to the country which is decidedly bigger than the

individuals, the groups, and the communities." In the above, the word "world" should be substituted in place of the country. This is very necessary, because at the time the book was brought out atomic bombs were at the conception stage and not 'delivered'. Since they are delivered, the change from the country to the world is obvious. If we succeed, then alone man shall radiate out beams of light which will illuminate the uphill narrow path which "A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, seeing shall take heart again."

Education has a dual position—to create and to mould Thought ; but where the creative power is freezed and passivity or receptiveness is encouraged, there education fails. In this sense, education is a failure in India. All criticisms should be directed from this little-understood and little-appreciated angle. Take the 'Varsities which occupy the apex in the Education Pyramid. The army of teachers shall be annually poured out by the 'Varsities to manage and run the schools and colleges. If they themselves suffer from Defeatism or have damaged their creative power or are soaked in with bad, indifferent knowledge, what can be expected of them ?

The criticisms which are levelled to-day

against 'Varsities are non-sensical and puerile. It has become a fashion to repeat parrot-like that 'Varsities are unpatriotic, they develop slave mentality, and put a premium upon exams. They are not aware of the teaching in the lecture room, they know not what is being done to root out slave mentality, and they are unaware of the modifications in the exam. system in the light of their experience. No sensible 'Varsity puts a premium upon exams. to-day. The success or the failure of 'Varsities should be judged from the standpoint of creating Thought and Moulding Thought. Judged from this view-point, 'Varsities have failed in this country. As this view-point is elaborately discussed in "The 'Varsities", I do not wish to tread the same path. But I emphatically assert that in the Atomic Age, values of the Cart Age will not be of much help. We are moving forward and not backward.

The new planning of Education should be based upon the World and Man. Man is a citizen of the world, and not a citizen of this or that mushroom country. In the Atomic Age, there cannot be any political boundaries. Even in the Air Age, they become superfluities. Right in Homes, in 'Varsities and out of them this new

basis should be stressed.

This will necessitate changes in the subjects themselves. Science will remain as it is, for this subject can never be nationalised. It is innate in it to be international. Only its destructive use will not be taught. Special steps would be taken to emphasise its productive utility. It shall be directed to solve Man's economic problems, and thus raise the cultural standard of the global humanity.

In Arts, drastic changes will have to be introduced. The present-day subjects of History, Economics, Politics, etc. will be destroyed completely, and in their place will be substituted World History, Neo-Economics, New-Politics, etc. The present day History is a series of lies compounded under the orders of a great leader, or a great man, or the Government. *It must be debunked.* Historians are their hired thugs, and it is their business to show History as "red in tooth and claw". 'Economics' of to-day still teaches in terms of Consumers Surplus, Quasi-rent, Optimum level, Marginal wages, Ricardo's Rent, etc. All these are exploded and dead and buried as good old Queen Anne. Neo-Economics will concern itself with the well-being of

man. Thus it will be an amalgam of Ethics and Economics. It shall emphasise the vast, untapped wealth latent in Man; in our atmosphere; in our waters; and how the same can be utilised with the aid of Science in building up *Real* and *Ersatz* industries. It shall also teach that no planning—be it National or Governmental—has a chance of success unless the first item in the Planning is the Planned Population. Thus it shall boldly incorporate Sex Science. It shall define the size of the family, fix the ratio between earnings and hungry mouths, and shall strongly condemn the blood-curdling ratio of one to a thousand which prevails in this God-forsaken country. We are informed by the Great Shaw that God has taken up a permanent residence in Great Britain. The actual place of residence cannot be disclosed because the information may leak out to the Axis. The Great Shaw is the only one 'who knows, and knows he is the only one who knows'; therefore, "He is wise, follow him". (A little digression *apropos* the above. The Great Shaw introduced himself to Anatole France by saying "I am a genius like you". Quick was the retort when Anatole remarked "A whore has a right to advertise herself as a Pleasure merchant".)

Politics is a subject which may be left for third-rate minds. One first-rate politician is enough for one country even if the country is as big as India. Too many politicians are like too many cooks—they fight amongst themselves and spoil the broth. When the world becomes one State, the subject will be narrowed down to a very small compass. Maybe one first-rate Politician will do. In the World State, their activities for creating breach of peace internally will be considerably lessened, and externally—well, that does not arise in a World State. Their vapourings and gaggings can be easily brushed aside. Thus the present type of education should be orientated.

If the Allies believe and they do, namely, that by the orientation of education Nazis boys can be made Anti-Nazis, and the Kodo boys can be made to spit on the goddess Sun, why can't we succeed in making Man world-minded ?

I assume that the big Three, but now they have multiplied into Five and this increase by multiplication will go on to big Umpteen number, mean D.A. Peace when they talk of Peace and that this D.A. Peace to be the special full monopoly of the No-color group. Just the type of monopoly

they enjoy in the manufacture and use of atomic bombs. If my assumption is a fact, then it follows that they shall have the absolute right of doling Peace to the color group. And this peace shall not be of the D.A. type, but either of Cemetery type or Illusory or Static or Passive. They "know not, and know not they know not" that the color group will not touch their doled out peace even with a pair of tongs. The color group will say "They are fools, Shun them". This is the right road for wars, wars galore.

Some foolish people have a notion that the only way to obtain peace is to get into a cave in, say, far off Tibet, and attune yourself with the infinite. Let your hairs grow to such a size that birds make their nests in them. Some visualise peace in a state of suspension. Like *Trishunk* (a mythological man who remains perpetually suspended between this and the other airy world. Exact habitat not known. Somewhere in the Inter Planetary space) peace. Some adhere to Passivity school as they are born with the divine gift of 'absorbing' kicks galore. Their destiny is to be human door-mat—always under the heels of the strong. The stay-put men who desire the type of Static peace which plants enjoy ought

to have sprouted as plants and not born as men. The fact is that we are clamouring to-day for D.A. type of Peace—our equitable share with our equitable burden, and if we do not get it, not by way of sufferance or courtesy but by the rights of our case—and if our voice is ignored, we shall match Force against Force and take our chance. Will the power—mad big Two—U.K. and U.S.A.—read the writings on the wall of Time ?

Let us synthesise the above impression. The D.A. Peace is only possible if you build upon *Man in the world*. Thus alone the within shall be attuned with the without. You must learn to play fair with the others just as you expect that they shall play fair with you. We are seeking peace not in annihilation but in action knowing full well that every action is followed by reaction, and that means friction. Those who visualise frictionless life are outside the pale of Man. Momentum of Peace in Action shall be maximised if everybody is taught to look for his share out of the world pool and not for his gain from loot and lust of power. Thus alone shall man succeed in building the monumental edifice of PEACE of which the foundation will be Respect for Man; first floor, Affection for Man; Superstructure, Under-

standing and Sympathy for Man ; and Cement, Love for Man. The furnishings and decorations shall not be the Tears of Man as to-day, but smiles miles long.

This is the true vision of Peace which I have not only seen but captured. Alas ! the myopic Big Three are allowing this vision to escape, and are busy in planning their brand of peace. Their mirage can still be converted into The Great Reality of my conception if they take their stand upon Truth and Love.

Carlyle once remarked : "The ideal, the true and noble that was in us, having faded out, nothing remains but naked egoism". This ideal is intensified by Peace and annihilated by War.

What is the ideal before the No-color group ? and how has the war affected it ? Starting from Peace of the world, they have slipped down to a special brand of Peace for themselves which presupposes Cemetery-Peace for the colored people. All the ideals held pre-war and during war have been scattered to the four winds, and naturally they are busy in reaping the whirlwind.

Assuming that they achieve their object, they realise not the utter futility of their Bomb-peace, or is it Peace bombed ? Take an example. A man whose

larder is filled to overflowing is hemmed in by starving humanity who make it a point to die in increasing numbers. The food fills the tummy, admitted ; but does it not taste ash ? and also fill the system with noxious toxins ? In point of fact, the reaction of such an unnatural condition is nausea for food—the stomach hungers for food, but the mouth cannot chew it and swallow it.

Applying this factual conception to Peace, one comes to the conclusion that the minority which aims at Peace for itself by barricading against the Sea of Untest in which the majority flounders and sinks is not an enlightened minority ; but a minority composed of fools, imbeciles, and every type of idiots. The continuous attack of the battling waves is sure to batter down the barrage, and engulf and sweep away the precocious minority. Therefore, the only conclusion to which we come and to which we have already come is *Building Anew on Man and upon World*.

Man shall include the animal group as well, for cruelty to animal does degrade man. Peace planning should be for man and animal both. A time will come when our sensibility and knowledge will be increased further, and we shall include the Plants as well. *Peace for the Entire*

World in its Entirety will then be our developed principle of Life.

Very few people realise to-day that cruelty to animals leads to cruelty to men. We have to stop the growing cruelty in the world. First step, we should condemn the present practice of using men as animals. For example, the hitching of man to a cart (Rickshaw) so that he pulls the cart. A sort of a substitute for cattle. Gradually the man becomes a cattle. He looks and feels like a cattle. The man who occupies the rickshaw also develops a bovine outlook. Remember you cannot *destroy the dignity of man without impairing your own dignity*. There should be a Society for the prevention of cruelty to men just as we have to-day a Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. In this war, some of the no-color people were forced to pull the rickshaw. They should come out with their first hand experience. In this world to-day, there is a large number of men belonging to the totality of the human group who indulge in the past-time of de-humanising men. Let them come out with their reactions. How soon they degenerate into Snobs and Bullies—worthless flotsams. The world would have been richer if they had been

headed off by birth-control and never begun.

Let us then as a first step penalise the utilisation of women as beasts of burden, move on to the penalisation of the use of Man as animal, and thus end the domination of man by man. Man to-day demands the fulfilment of his Destiny which is To Govern and Be Governed. Both fused into one.

Shall we stick to War for preserving the right of inflicting pain? or, propagate Peace for preserving and developing the rights of man in relation to other things Created? The answer is in the womb of Future.

NOTE ON INDIA

For the evolution of free India, it is necessary to evolve and develop intense Indian nationalism on the basis of India. This will be a signal contribution to the Peace movement of the mad World which has not got out of the ruts in the fossil paths of Nationalism traversed by all the men all over the world. For this purpose, India, must eschew religion as it has been and is to-day particularly in India a most disturbing factor in jettisoning Peace.

Comradeship in a lunatic asylum is easy to

secure if you fall in line with the thoughts and wishes of the other members in the asylum. The mad world to-day is a centralised unitary asylum and, therefore, to live in it and carry on as others do, we must fall in line with other countries. The ideal remains the merging of India into the World State and fraternising with all the men of the world.

A free India will hasten the advent of the World State.

There is a school of thinkers which plan peace on the basis of wishful thinking, that is to say, they labor under a wrong impression that peace will drop down on this earth in the form of manna. They are in the habit of starting all discussions on the basis of 'If'. Therefore, a note on 'If' follows this part.

There are very many people who are keen to usher in peace, but they never worry themselves about creating conditions which will allow it to exist and grow. They forget that if it comes, it can go out as well. Therefore, it is imperative that people should concern themselves with both the aspects of peace, namely, its coming and its retention. For this purpose a note on 'Comes' is also put in.

(a) A NOTE ON THE WORD 'IF'.

"If my aunt had wheels, she would have been an automobile."

The Prosaic dictionary meaning of the word 'if' libels the word. One lifeless dictionary defines it as "the typical conditional particle, and is used nearly always to introduce the subordinate or hypothetical clause of a conditional sentence."

'If' is the anti-dote for the pessimists' and cynics' leaden view of life. It is the dope which transcends its votaries beyond Time and Space. Rightly used, it is the panacea for all failures. Life without hope would increase the imbecility or suicide rate. 'If' is *crystallised Hope*. The only condition is that it should be rightly used, that is to say, used in conjunction with facts.

If used in conjunction with fiction, this "conditional particle" is the 'natural' parent of all wishful thinkings. It transcends its votaries into the airy realms of Imagination where Time and Space become meaningless. This is not the use of 'If' but its misuse.

Planning for Post-war era on Peace basis is not only the misuse of 'If' but its wholesale slaughter. How can there be Peace when world-think-

ing is not superimposed upon sectional thinking, and barriers amongst men and countries not abolished in spite of the great development in Transport and Communication and Scientific achievements ?

Plans are ready "If Peace Comes", and also plans are ready "If War Comes." Can 'If' be blamed for the tomfooleries of the demented men ? All plans are in the air, because this "conditional particle" is based upon fiction and not upon facts.

There is no 'If' in the case of the coming of Peace and her staying with us, if we sincerely plan to build upon the World and Man. And if we cannot, let us be honest and not blame 'If' for our failures. The path that is chalked out by the Big Three is the path of Negation. And remember that there is no animal more furious and dangerous than a man frustrated at every step of his move. *Frustrated humanity opens up the path for Hell.*

If my aunt had—well, this is a saying which is current amongst the Bridge players but it cannot stand repetition here. Such absurd phantasies have nothing to do with 'If' even though admitting that it is the parent of wishful thinking.

After all, wishful thinking must have some basis, and without a base, it transports men into the fancy realms of doped men and dazed men just as it is transporting the Big Three or Five.

(b) A NOTE ON THE WORD 'COMES'.

"Time is the movement that holds things together."

(Al-Farabi)

Three-dimensional world interpretation of men who believe in the reality of this world has a much greater clarity and correctness than the fourth-dimensional world interpretation of sages and sooths who float away from this *terra firma* into the airy nothingness of the other non-existent lands. Within their insane postulates, they might be brilliantly sane ; but their sanity is meaningless in this three-dimensional world where clashes galore—internal and external—are only too apparent.

The interpretation, therefore, of 'Comes' cannot be independent of Time and Space. It is limited to this world of ours and confined to the present and the near future, say, within two thousand A.D.

The word 'Comes' in connection with Peace carries with it an additional significance of 'Stays' as well. Merely coming as a typhoon, and then clearing away within a short interval has no meaning. If it comes, it should stay also.

Everybody is busy in bringing in Peace, but nobody worries about making it stay-in permanently. And again, nobody is clear from where it will come and where it will be established.

Just at present, there seems to be a tug of war about Peace. Every Power is keen to get Peace from its source, and keep her chained in its own place. A sort of monopoly of standardised Peace made to order of this or that Power. This is sheer absurdity raised to the n^{th} degree.

The only way to bring in Peace, and make her stay for a long, long period is *to energise Man and make him work for peace*. Man being a citizen of the world shall make her stick to him. Peace comes from within this world for men of this world who shall labor incessantly to keep the flame of Peace bright and pure. This is the only way to make Peace come and stay. It shall be of the world brand, and certainly not of London, Moscow, or Washington brand.

PART TWO

ACT I—SCENE I

(Club Hall—beautifully furnished and brilliantly lighted. Four Bridge Tables—three occupied and one vacant. Billiard Table—game is being played. Waiters moving through the hall with glasses charged. A few tables set in the midst of Sofas and Cushioned chairs. One occupied by Rama and Anwar. Time 7 P.M.)

Anwar—What a lucky beggar is Triloki: An issueless aunt left him a big fortune, but that does not mean that he should keep us marking time. Was it not seven he gave?

Rama—Right, but it is just 7. He is lucky all-right, but I am not sure whether it is good luck or bad luck. Do you know his name means 'Three Worlds'. Since he got the fortune, he has taken life from a Fourth—dimensional point.

Anwar—What you mean? I have myself noticed him looking glum, but for what? The lucky beggar does not know his luck.

Rama—Triloki says that now my life purpose is to make an intensive and extensive search

for Peace, and he is so serious that he says he will stake not only his fortune but also his life in pursuing and finding peace.

Anwar—A fool and his money are soon parted.

(Just at this moment Triloki enters the Hall and Anwar greets him by remarking "Think of the Devil, and the devil is here").

Triloki greets his friends and apologises for keeping them waiting. What's this about Devil I hear ?

Anwar—Nothing. Rama was telling me of your new fad and I told him that it is money which got into your head. "Eat, drink and be merry" is a good rule of life specially as you have a windfall.

Triloki—I don't dispute your good rule, but I must find out for myself whether it is really a good rule. After all, the windfall has made no change in me. I am the same old Triloki as I was. But I have the desire to play for a big ideal, and what better ideal I can place before me than the ideal of Peace for which they say this Global War was fought out which blasted millions of innocent lives and devastated untold wealth—Past, Present, and even Future. The fellows make too much

noise here, and we can't seriously discuss it. My mind is not yet set, and I would very much like to discuss it with you and Rama. Can you both come to my place tomorrow at 6 p.m.? And please note dinner at 8. Friends agreed and Triloki left the Hall.

ACT I—SCENE II

(A well-furnished drawing room and a well-equipped Library packed with books on Peace. A number of pictures hung up on the walls showing, 'A dove with a letter in her beak', 'A Sannyasi in a trance', 'A sweet damsel', 'A heap of gold coins and precious stones', 'A funeral pyre', 'A moving tank' and 'a released atomic bomb'. A clock. Lights are on.)

Triloki is pacing up and down the room. He takes out his watch, tallies time with the clock and says, "It is past six and those Johnnies are no where visible". He takes out a book from the shelf and starts reading it. After ten minutes, his friends turn up and apologise for the delay. Triloki shouts for his servant and says to him, "I am not at home. I have something serious." See to khana (dinner) at 8. All the friends sit round a small table, and their round table conference begins.

Triloki—My dream was to take up a problem and

bury myself in it. Up to now, I could not plan my life because I was short of Almighty dollar. Now I have it, so I have drawn up my plan and I wish to discuss it with you and obtain your opinion.

Rama and Ammar—Go ahead.

Triloki—Throughout this bloody war, it was dunned into our ears that Peace will come out of this war. Now that the war is over, they say it will come from London or Moscow or Washington. The blighters are even getting confused about the place of Origin. And then we are confronted with different brands of Peace, for none of them have been able to give to us any clear idea of Peace. They are confused even about the meaning of Peace. And honestly I feel that if they blunder, and blunder they must ; they shall smoke out the world by starting War No. 3. So I have decided to devote my time and money to pinpoint Peace.

Rama—Excuse me. Peace for your soul.

Triloki—I believe that search of peace for oneself is the lowest ideal which a man can pursue. Individual salvation does dehumanise man. That mythological tale of Yudhishtra

(king of Pandwas) reaching the gates of heaven *Sadeh* (in person : body intact) accompanied by a dog contains a great truth. Yudhistra was allowed to enter into Heaven provided he does not bring in the dog. "How can I enter without my companion who followed my long trek", said he. He refused to enter. Thereupon, the dog revealed its true form of Lord Krishna. This story grips me firmly.

Anwar—Bee in the bonnet. Friend, Marry and Multiply. Suck pleasures and don't forget "a few moonlit nights and then again the dark nights". You are not wiser than Babur (King of India) who declared :

"Give me but wine and blooming maids,
And all other joys I freely spurn ;
Enjoy them Babur while you may,
For youth once past will never return."

Youth and health, brain and money—what a grand combination. And yet *Kismet* (Destiny) pulls you away from these magnifque sensations which make Life delectable. Leave your Peace problem for the dead or the living dead to solve.

Rama—Have sense, Anwar. There is method in

Triloki's madness. But I cannot definitely express my opinion because I do not know what plan he follows.

At this stage, the servant announces dinner. Friends make a move towards the dinner room. And Triloki says, "One moment. Day after tomorrow at 4 p.m. is a family discussion on my project. You two are more than my relations. May I trouble you." They gladly give their assent.

ACT I—SCENE III

(*Indian Baithak (drawing room). Time 4 p.m. Rama, Anwar, Triloki, an uncle, a cousin, and a nephew. All talking.*)

Uncle—Triloki, my hairs have gone gray; but I never heard of such a madness as yours. The only thing for you is to marry and settle down. And later on, when you have discharged your responsibilities in full, you can revive your madness. But not now. Remember the four stages of life: Boyhood, Family, *Banaprasth* (meditation), and *Sannyas* (Retirement from the world). They were good for our ancestors, and they are good for me.

Anwar—Janab (Sir) That's what I have been telling Triloki. Time for everything. Why force the pace? First, taste the sweetness and bitterness of life and then seek your peace.

*Rama—*We have started discussing the plan without having any idea of the plan. Funny?

*Anwar—*Very funny, but very correct. Else what can you say to the ever-increasing number of plans drawn up by Governments and people and Parties? Papers and persons are discussing them all-right without having the least idea what they are. Why can't we in the same manner discuss Triloki's plan?

*Rama—*We call the plethora of plans "Planless Plans". They are in the air. They get their sustenance from the air, and, if launched, they will be financed by the air-money (paper). Let us hear Triloki.

*Triloki—*Thank you. I don't agree with uncle. He assumes Time as stay-put. I am only twenty-four and my plan is only three years' plan. I can do all that uncle says when I come back. I may fail or I succeed. This is immaterial, because what matters is the

effort made. In achieving your aim there is not much pleasure. In carrying on the struggle, there is the joy of life. I have thought over my Peace plan intensively, and I have come to the conclusion that I must study life not as a spectator but as an actual player of the game of life. I must study life in garrets, pubs, brothels, cemeteries, learning centres, money heaps, palaces, forests, monasteries, and caves. A deep study of life as it flows under different conditions. And then I shall be in a position to Correlate Peace with Life.

Rama—I understand. You will tread the worn-out path of Satiation. *Through Satiation, Salvation.* But what would happen if you are sucked in into the morass of Pleasures of Flesh and Cup ?

Triloki—What Would happen ? An insignificant human bubble will disappear in the endless and fathomless ocean of Life. But the ideal will remain and it's sure to attract other human bubbles. Thus the pursuit of Peace will not end.

Uncle—Why not cut out this danger by selecting

over senses. This way also you can get near your problem of Peace.

Triloki—Your plan is individualistic, while my plan is for collective good. Further, renunciation or forced control is never effective. Mind continues hankering after untasted pleasures.

Anwar—And does not mind hanker after tasted pleasures? Memory is there to remind you of the joys your senses have tasted.

Triloki—You are right. And we come to this that neither this is right nor that is right, and so we do nothing. After all friend, I have got to satisfy my urge to move and enquire. And what better plan can I have for seeing life and forming my own impressions. If I fail, I come back. If I succeed, then I give a new pointer to the people searching Peace. Give me your good wishes, and Uncle your blessings, for tomorrow I depart.

When the assembled persons found that they could not deflect Triloki, they gave him their good wishes and blessings.

ACT II—SCENE I

(In a well-furnished room of the Hotel De Luxe in Delhi, Triloki is entertaining his two friends Mahesh and Promod and a few friends of his friends. Drink circulates freely and the talks are going on. Time 7 p.m. Triloki finds that his reputation and plan have travelled faster than his person.)

Mahesh—Your plan is excellent, and I think this ancient city will give you the most satisfying answer. My motto is Peace in pleasure. And Triloki, you are damn lucky. Day after is a gala show at my friend's Seth Ansu-yaji who earned a couple of crores during the War. The All-India famous girl Saras-wati Bai will be there to entertain us. Seth-ji is clean bowled over—heels over head. I shall get you a card, and you will see for yourself that if there is peace anywhere, it is in the eyes of the Bai.

Promod—Eyes or eye-brows : Flashing arched lightnings. My motto is Peace in Beauty. Of course, beauty costs tons of money.

Therefore, seek peace amongst the rich who have developed æsthetic tastes.

All laughed and the glasses were refilled.

Triloki—I will seek Peace here, there and everywhere. But before I start the search, I must be clear about its meaning. Pardon my saying that you fellows seem sure that Peace has no habitat in ugly surroundings or amongst the poor. Peace is not the monopoly of the rich or the beautiful. It is the Property of Man, and thus to be shared by all human beings. Any way do get me the card. I start with no preconceived notions.

Mahesh—Which brand of Peace have you in mind?

There is the peace of the cemetery, the peace of the Mahatmas, the peace of the opium-eater, the peace of the men who are no-men, the peace in strife.

Triloki—You are right, my friend. But there is a brand of Peace which is all-pervading. There must be some under current linking the different brands of Peace you have enumerated. I wish to catch that undercurrent. After all, my Peace is for men actively engaged in the pursuit of Life. Therefore, my Peace is Peace in Action. I have nothing

to do with dead, fossil, moribund, Peace or the peace of the other world.

Promod—I am emphatically of opinion that that brand of Peace one can find firmly established on Saraswati Bai's eye-brows.

Mahesh—In her eyes.

All laugh and fresh drinks are served.

Triloki—I condemn alcohol because it makes all talks frothy. I am also keeping company, but I think you fellows have overshot your mark. Shall we continue our discussion? or relapse into alcoholism?

Mahesh—Shut up. Don't think in terms of money and let us have the last round. We shall meet at Sethji's. You will get your card tomorrow.

Triloki is all alone as his friends have departed. He orders one more drink for himself and starts talking to himself.

Alcohol cheers, but why does it depress me? I get moody. Seems to me I am creating another problem for myself—the Drink problem. Why do people drink? The taste is awful, the cost is big, the habit is difficult to give up, and the ruination of health is sure. And it is a sure pointer for Hell. Now I am not

drunk though I have taken six *burra* pegs. I am inclined to agree with those who seek Peace in the sweet arms of Saraswati Bai. Arms or eyes or eyebrows? Ticklish question. He comes out of his daze and pertinently remarks that a man too far gone in drink always considers himself more sober than a confirmed T. T., and applies the remark to himself and says: "I am drunk like a Lord and I go to bed."

Triloki's old valet Moti curses his fate. He regrets that his master whom he tended from the time of his birth and served so faithfully should take to wrong paths and wrong turnings. He curses his master's friends who, he thinks, are ruining him morally and financially. He dares not utter a word, for he is afraid of his master specially since he got his aunt's hoard. His philosophy is that all bad things spring up from the heap of money, ill-gotten or ill-acquired.

ACT II—SCENE II

(*Sethji's Party in his Kothi (big house). Time 9 p. m. The big hall is sumptuously furnished. Costly carpets. Illumination perfect. The whole hall is a museum of silk, velvet, big pillows and spittoons.*)

Every inch of space is sprinkled with rose-water and attar (perfume). In the middle, sits Saraswati Bai ringed by her troupe of musicians. There are about fifty invitees. Pan and Ilachi (betel and cardamom) trays are passed from hand to hand).

Sethji—Welcome. We meet this evening to honor our great artist Baiji (she bows to Sethji and the audience) and also to celebrate a joyous event in my house. I refer to my fifth marriage. (Everybody laughs and shouts ‘*Mubārak Mubārak*—congratulations.) Baiji gives a glad eye to Sethji. Triloki’s glum, drawn-up face attracts Sethji’s eyes. He enquires about him. The introduction follows.

Sethji—We have a new friend to-day and I feel honoured. But *Jenab* (Sir) you have not given me your *Mubārak*.

Triloki—I am a novice in this kind of work. This is my first step towards (points to Saraswati Bai who gives a wink), and I am dazed. Tongue-tied. *Jenab* that is why I did not give you *Mubārak*.

Sethji—New and how *blasé* we are. The one thing that we may sigh for but cannot buy is youth. (Makes a sigh to the *abdār* (wine-server).

“ *Jenab*, I cannot be young but I can lessen your

tongue. Will you oblige me? (Hands the top full glass).

Triloki—Thanks. But let the liquor be turned into nectar by a touch of Baiji's. Christ turned water into wine by a mere look, but Baiji can turn wine into nectar by touch. (He looks towards Baiji who touches the glass and smiles).

Sethji—Ah! youth attracts youth. My millions are worthless. How the nectar has loosened your tongue?

Triloki—Right. Your millions are not worthless. Without them, you would never have got your No. 5.

The assembled members felt the growing tension and took off its edge by shouting for song. Sethji smiled and requested Baiji to sing. She sang two songs. Both perfect. Her voice was divine, and her accomplishments superb. The burden of one song was Eat, Drink and be Merry; and of the other, a few moonlit nights and the rest endless dark nights. Her beauty, her voice, her dress, her movements of her fingers and her body created a *Samā* (atmosphere) which sent all persons in a trance. Triloki was the first to come out of the trance. He slipped out a costly ring

worth five hundred from his finger and presented it to Baiji who took it with profound concern and *salaams*.

Sethji—This novice—our young friend is teaching old men like us how to pay tribute to Beauty. He took out his own ring worth five thousand, and gave it to Baiji.

All the others present applauded Sethji's action, and Triloki felt cut up. He stood up and salaamed Sethji and begged permission to go to his place. Everybody shouted "What's the hurry? It is just begun! Sit down", but Triloki pressed Sethji to give him the permission.

Sethji—Youth demands Beauty, but has not the means to get it. Our new friend has not relished my joke. He lacks humour. Well, what's the use of detaining him when he has parted with his heart and his ring? All laugh, but Triloki with a parting shot "Sethji, Youth and Age like sweet-hearts and wives should never meet" leaves the Hall.

On return to his hotel, he makes his plan and calls Moti.

Triloki—Moti, I may be back home soon or roam about. Therefore, you should go back and

look after my home. At your age, I would not like to drag you in my wanderings.

Moti—Bhaiyaji (My lord brother) parting from you will make me miserable. Why not return to your home and make it a real home? I don't understand your life and your wanderings.

*Triloki—*You don't understand, but do what I am telling you to do.

ACT II—SCENE III

(Triloki at Saraswati's place. Time 7 p.m. They are discussing terms. On one hundred a day, she agrees to live with him).

*Saraswati—*My first look on your face made me your captive. Beauty, health and money drew me towards you—my magnet.

*Triloki—*I am your magnet and you are my prisoner. What more do I desire from Life? I am sure you are my Destiny.

• At this stage, Sethji comes in. Both sit apart, and Saraswati welcomes him.

*Sethji—*What a well-matched pair? Like flowers blossoming in pair. *Jenab*, looking towards Triloki, is booked all-right, but pardon an old man for remarking that *Baijee* is not caught

— without heaps of money. Youth and caution never run in pair.

Triloki—Sethji, “Youth demands Beauty” and gets it. Baijee has obliged me by agreeing to live with me. So our world will be composed of two and no more.

Sethji—What ? What ? Why Baijee ? What do I hear ?

Saraswati—Sethji, I am also a human being. I don’t like being in the market. Triloki likes me and I like him. Where is the harm if we try to make our world ?

Sethji—I know you. Your world is made of gold. How much gold do you dig out from this young man ?

Saraswati—What a low opinion you got of me ! One hundred a day is our arrangement.

Sethji—Don’t go. Remain with me and take what you like.

Triloki—Your age protects you, but it also classifies you among the undesirables. Now have the decency to leave the room.

Sethji—What do you say Baijee ? Am I to be turned out from your doors ?

Saraswati—What can I say ? He keeps me, and, therefore, what he says, goes through. I am so sorry, Sethji.

Sethji—Well, well. They say, “A fool and his money are soon parted.” When you come back, I will still be here to receive you.

Triloki—Damaged goods. (In a huff, Sethji leaves the house).

For more than a fortnight, Triloki lived in an artificial world of dreams and pleasures. Drink and Baijee, and Baijee and drink—this made up the whole life. Even friends like Mahesh and Promod could not meet Triloki. The sensation created by this alliance was a short-lived one.

After some time, Triloki realised that by burning one’s youth and one’s money, one may be able to indulge in pleasures, but one cannot reach one’s goal. He cursed himself for letting go his ideal, and decided to get out of his deal by a trick.

Triloki—Sweetie, I have heard very bad news from home. I am finished, and I would like to have your opinion on what I should do now.

Saraswati—Darling, tell me the news: good or bad. I may be able to help you.

Triloki—My love for you is so great that I feel I can trust and depend on you. My *Muneem* (agent) has forged my signatures and

taken away all my wealth. I am a pauper now, and I don't know what I should do.

Saraswati—Very bad news as it cuts off our newly established ties. Pity. What can be done?

You are a man. You fight. I am a woman.

I take up my old profession.

Triloki—So soon the parting is arranged because I lack gold now. All protestations of love, more love, and still more love disappear the moment there is shortage of gold. Yes. I break away from you and let the 'damaged goods' be consigned to the Sethji, Freight to Pay.

Saraswati—No hard names, please. Let us part as friends.

Triloki—Friends, do you know the meaning of the word you use? I can't part as your friend, but I go out of the house as one awakened. So saying, he throws a thousand rupee note and clears out leaving his belongings behind. He mutters to himself :

Peace amongst the rich, peace in sensual pleasures, peace in the mole-hill of gold—can there be a greater mirage in Man's phantasies? I am veritably a fool in search of wisdom.

ACT III—SCENE I

(Triloki in a dense jungle. He lives by himself in a rude hut outside the cave in which an old man of 150 years carries on his Tapasya (penance). It is the tenth day and the Rishi (Sage) is expected to come out of the cave).

Triloki—This is not the peace I crave for. It is the peace of the dead. In the world from where I come, people are trying for peace for the men of the world, and not for men who crush life by repressing it. Even if one succeeds, that success is for that man and not for all. I admit that occasional stays, away from the world in the forests or the caves, have a meaning. Enables one to concentrate one's thoughts, sift them, judge them, and assimilate the right ones. A sort of a substitute for ruminating. (The sage comes out of the cave, and Triloki approaches him and touches his feet).

Sage—Whyfore do you come to this place?

You are too young for this life. It appears.

that you are in a hurry to by-pass the stages fixed for a normal man's life.

Triloki—I come disappointed from the world of Strife and Hate. I have tasted the pleasures of the world, and I find them ashes. I have come to you for peace. Peace not for myself, but for all men.

Sage—I have not got it, so I cannot give it to you. But I can point out the path, and remember if you follow that path you may get peace for yourself. To get it for all is a laudable desire, but it is not for mortals to achieve. I am in doubt whether you can follow the directions.

Triloki—I can stake my life in the pursuit of my ideal. What more can I do?

Sage—You will have to do more than staking your life. You will have to live a living death—Repress all your desires, and thus secure control over your mind. You will have to destroy your identity and merge yourself in the others. *Self-control and Self-effacement* is the *Gayatri* (Hindus' sacred mantram—holy prayer) I preach. The world goes contrarywise as it believes in *Self-anarchy and Self-projection*. Put the question to your-

self and find out if you can travel on my path.

Triloki—I may try.. But I don't want peace for myself. I want peace in the world. I have seen the failure of peace-moves, and the world is hurtling towards the crashing point.

Sage—I have not even secured peace for myself. How can I hold out any hope for you? Man thinks that by cutting himself aloof from mankind and retiring into a cave, *he finds himself*. He knows not that his greatest enemy is Memory. Memory of the life he lived, memory of the ties that he had; they do not desert him. They cling through and through and round and round. Your path is the path of the world. You go back and do your duty. And don't worry about the crashing of this world. If the time has come, it will crash. Remember *that which exists must die or be destroyed*.

Triloki—I know how difficult is my path, but I request you to give me a few pointers. Pray don't send me back disappointed and disillusioned.

Sage—Very well. Wait for a month. Form your own impressions by studying my life. Within this period, I am due to leave this world.

Triloki—How do you know that you will die?
And how can you talk so lightly of your death ?

Sage—Of all creatures, man alone knows that he must die. Then what is there to be afraid of? *Mariturus te salutat* (I salute Death). Death is a release for a man who has lived his life.

The sage retires into his cave and Triloki decides to stick on. On the twentieth day, the sage dies. A large number of his followers turn up to pay their homage to the memory of the sage, and a hot discussion starts about burning or burying the body. At one point, it appeared that the two groups were determined to carry out their will by force. Triloki intervenes.

Triloki—It is a fine way of paying homage. I have been in close touch with the sage during his last few days. He used to tell me that the Hindu system of the disposal of the dead body was the best as it very speedily transformed the body into five elements—Earth, Air, Water, Fire and Ether. I told him that custom requires the burial of a Sannyasi's body. He said, "Yes. This is what I call

to prevail”.

This reconciled the conflicting parties, and all resolved to burn the body which was carried to the burning *Ghat* (place). With proper decorum and silence, the body was put on the pyre and burnt.

Triloki—Ash to Ash is “The Great Reality”.¹

And how people feel the force of death. In the presence of Lord of Death, Man realises the nothingness of his problems. The ‘Leveller’ does give the consciousness of Peace to Man.

After some time when the body was burnt, and people completed their last rites, Triloki found that they restarted their controversy about Burial *versus* Burning. And all of them were thinking in terms of the worldly problems which they were facing or were to face.

Triloki—This peace is no peace. This is a passing phase called *Shamsan Bairāg* (Philosophy of the funeral Pyre).

ACT III—SCENE II

(*Triloki*—a war officer somewhere in a hilly part of Burma. He is living in a dug-out. Hard

¹Title of my book.

pressed by Japs. His regiment is ordered to evacuate. One Subedar Major Bhair Jodh Singh is his great favourite.)

Major Triloki—Subedar-Major (S.M.) Saheb, so we are driven out. These yellow monkeys make it difficult for us to retain our foothold. What fighters ?

S. M.—Major Saheb, nobody can deny that they are great fighters. But, Sir, have you not noticed a great difference between them and our men ? They fight for the glory of their country, and we fight for what ? The Sarkar (Govt.) has raised this regiment from men who have not got one single common ideal. Excuse me, you come to seek Peace, and I come to seek my salary. We cannot develop that intensity which Japs can mobilise any moment they like.

Triloki—Sardar Jee, what about defending our country ? Does not that idea come uppermost ?

S. M.—Whose country ?, Sir. At the worst there will be a change in the master. The soldiers sing when they are off-duty and I am not amongst them. "What harm who rules over us ? We are not going to be masters."

Triloki—Still I must pay tribute to the bravery of my men. They fought, and are fighting so splendidly. In the shade of war, I came to seek the light of Peace. It appears that my search has been vain.

S. M.—Sahēb, There is no bravery in the wars of to-day. It died out when scientific destructive weapons like Gas, Tanks, Atomic bombs were brought in. *It is sheer funk mobilised and attuned to the war environment that carries the day.* Can, Sir, Peace emerge out of carnage and destruction?

Triloki—Yes, the peace of death. And yet we are told that wars are launched for bringing in peace. 'Wars to end Wars' is the greatest lie invented by man, and funny that it works every time. Wars are precursors of wars—endless wars, wars galore. And—

The bugle sounds as the Japs make a surprise attack. Triloki commands his regiment and puts up a strong fight. Bombers and machine guns play their full part, and Triloki succeeds in driving out Japs though he and Subedar Major are badly wounded and a large number of Indians are killed. Both are shifted to the base hospital. On the way Subedar Major

expired. He left this world by giving his last call of *Wah, Guru Ki Fateh* (Bravo ! Victory to Lord).

Triloki—What brave men these Sikhs and Gurkhas. They meet the Lord of Death as their equal. The gallant Sardar Jee left this world without any concern as he built his life upon *Wah ! Guru Ki Fateh*. And what he got from life ? Salary for himself and pension for his family ! Peace after war is another slogan which captures our imagination, but men do not know that this peace is the outcome of exhaustion. There is no reality about it. And then what did I get myself from this war ? Invalid pension which I never needed, and maimed for life. But I got my experience out of war.

The ambulance reaches the hospital, and Triloki is removed to the operating room. The operation is successful, and he is shifted to the in-door ward.

When he regains consciousness, he finds his whole right leg from the foot to the thigh encased in Plaster of Paris and his leg sandwiched between two heavy, big sand bags. He can't move from one side to the other. Lying on the

bed, he gazes vacantly. An Indian nurse (Parvati) drops in and seeing him awake says "Hello. You all-right".

Triloki—Hello. What happened to me? I am a bit dozed.

Parvati—Nothing much. A bullet broke your ankle bones. Clean fracture and it is set right. Nothing to worry about. In six months' time you will be your old self again. And how lucky you are. You get rest and change for nothing.

Triloki—Very kind of you to draw the rosy picture. Only six months—a mere flea-bite on the limitless time I have. And then this awful uneasiness.

Parvati—Don't talk too much. I shall always be here to lessen your pain.

Triloki—Thank you. I suppose there is no bar to thinking. I shan't talk but think.

Triloki got a new angle upon his Peace problem. What a peaceful face? and what devotion to duty? I am just a patient for Parvati. Patients come and go or die. But these sisters carry on their noble work of alleviating suffering. May be the right way to build for peace is the service of man. If every man takes the vow

of serving another man, then good deal of misery will disappear from this world. Thinking in this strain, he dozes.

Parvati comes in and sees him sleeping. She goes away. After an hour, Triloki wakes up and presses the button. Parvati again comes and says this is your medicine time and you are late for your dinner.

Triloki—So sorry, but why did you not wake me up ?

Parvati—One good sleep is more than one thousand medicines. You please familiarise yourself with our routine work, and there shan't be any trouble. We can't run a big hospital like this without strict regimentation of life.

Triloki—You first regiment my talk and then you regiment my time. Very cruel indeed.

Parvati—Life is regimentation—self-imposed or imposed by others. As I can't regiment your thoughts, so I only make a request to you. The more you think, the greater the strain upon you.

Triloki—Without being married, I get curtain lectures. I can't stop thinking, but I can switch on my thoughts. They are sure to

flow towards you, Parvati.

Parvati smilingly says—"First Hello, then sister, and now Parvati." "How quickly you jump from the first to the last. What do you think about?"

Triloki—That is not the last, because the last of the series is the word 'wife'.

Parvati gets up to leave him. He catches hold of her hand and says—all your questions are not answered. Just a minute. I think on the problem of Peace, because I know that this old world will topple down if there is another war.

Parvati—Why not first have peace for yourself?

Triloki—That's easy. I shall have it when you and I become one. But my search is for world peace, and not peace for self.

Parvati—Very well. We will search it together.

ACT III—SCENE III

(*Triloki returns to his home. His Muneer (businessman) and clerks surround him. He sets his affairs in order and he is in a hurry as he expects his friends, Anwar and Rama. Moti is waiting for him.*)

Triloki—So Moti I have decided to marry. What

do you say ?

Moti, Muneem and clerks with one voice give him felicitations.

Moti—Master, the only thing sensible I have heard from you during these last few years is only to-day. May your wife be a *Lakshmi* (goddess of wealth) and guard the House and us.

Triloki—But my search for Peace continues.

Moti—She is sure to give you Peace. When will that joyous day come ?

Anwar and Rama enter the room, and both want to know about the joyous day. Triloki blushes and says nothing, but Moti gives the information.

Anwar and Rama—Two congratulations : one for your recovery and the other for the joyous day.

Triloki—I am not sure she will accept my proposal though I am very much attached to her and she also likes me. I have written to her, and I am waiting for the reply.

Anwar—Who is 'she' ? Any 'she' will jump at your offer though you are not right in your upper storey. I hope you told her or written to her about your assets—First, wealth ;

Second, wealth ; and Last, wealth. What else have you got ? A maimed leg, Peace-bitten sub-normal man—that's what you are.

Triloki—She knows nothing about the position I occupy. I am just a man for her. I don't want to buy her just as Sethji bought his No. 5, and he roared with laughter.

Friends pressed him and he narrated Sethji's episode.

Rama—I pray that your 'she' is not Saraswati Bai.

Triloki—What opinion you got of me ? 'She' is she.

Friends press him to give particulars but he declines to give any information as, he says, the affair is *sub rosa*. After some *chit chat* they stand up to leave.

Triloki—I expect the reply within two or three days. Let us meet on the third day here. If the answer is in the affirmative, you fellows will have a grand feast. If in the negative, well you will have kicks. So *ad interim*, pray.

Triloki is busy fifteen hours a day in settling his affairs, posting the books up-to-date, keeping his house ship-shape, disposing of the arrears. In short, his activity clearly shows that he is busy in.

breaking away from his past.

On the second day, comes the reply so anxiously awaited.

Parvati writes—"A brief contact and you flew from "Hello—Wife", I from "Hello—Husband! I know nothing about you, and you know nothing about me. Let us trust our well-trained senses. Life is always a big venture, and marriage, a great gamble. I have decided to take the plunge, and so I say 'Yes'".

Triloki admires the brevity and the clearness of the message. He appreciates the trust she reposes in him. Before giving the information to his friends, he communicates it to his uncle and relations. The uncle being the head of the family comes to his nephew accompanied by the family priest.

Uncle—So the marriage is fixed up. With whom?

These days the degenerate young men do not take the trouble of consulting their elders. Such an important affair and I am kept out of it! Who is this girl? and what is her family?

Priest—Perfectly right. You tell me that the marriage is fixed and I even do not know

whether the horoscopes tally. Of course, I know Triloki's planets, but I don't know her planets. Do they correspond with each other?

Triloki—Yes, we correspond with each other and our planets and horoscopes shall have to agree as we have agreed to clear them out if they disagree with us. Uncle, I took the earliest opportunity of sending the information to you. I myself came to know of it this morning. I know nothing about her family, and I don't worry. I am marrying her and not her family. *Purohit ji*, there is big money for you, so don't raise objections. I have selected the only woman whom I can take as my wife. And that's enough for me.

Anwar and Rama come in. They offer their congratulation and insist that they should be entertained.

Anwar—Now friend, your Peace worries are over.

She will see to that. But who is 'she'?

Give us general lines.

Rama—Do you call it playing cricket? Our years of friendship—and what friendship—and 'she' is in the dark for us. Illuminate her, my friend, so that we may have a glimpse of her.

Triloki—Wait and watch. I am fixing my marriage within a fortnight. You fellows will have to do everything. And see that everybody is well-entertained.

Rama and Anwar—We shall do our very best, and rest assured we shall pay our homage to your life-partner who will certify to the excellence of our arrangement.

(On the marriage date, excellent arrangements were made to receive and entertain the guests. Parvati fascinated all, and they were charmed with her manners and talk. She was married under *Vedic* rites.)

Parvati—So you are a rich man. Lucky I did not know it, else I would never have agreed. I now understand your worry. Nothing to do and plenty of energy—this is your trouble. Life is action. “Unravel the links which compose life, and undeterred and unchaperoned fulfil thy role”—my father used to tell me. You will find me a good help-mate, but not a playmate.

Triloki—You will find me a stern master, and not a cooing dove. I accept your father’s immortal words, and I already know that you have made them a part of your life.

So we are well set for going forward. From 'Hello to Wife' has not been a far cry for us. How lucky I am.

Parvati—I am more lucky than you, because you have built your life on right values. I am through with my job and the next is a difficult job for me, namely, to help you and guide you. No more Saraswati Bai and Sethji for you. I like your two friends. They are sincere.

Triloki—Do you know what they said to me? Triloki (another name for *Shiva*) you are very very lucky. In this life of a mortal, you got Parvati (*Shiva's* Consort).

(Both embrace each other and the curtain drops).

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